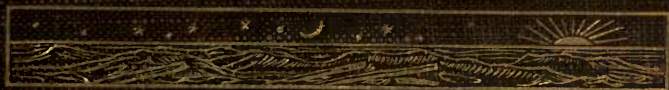


A
0
0
0
0
2
6
3
1
3
7

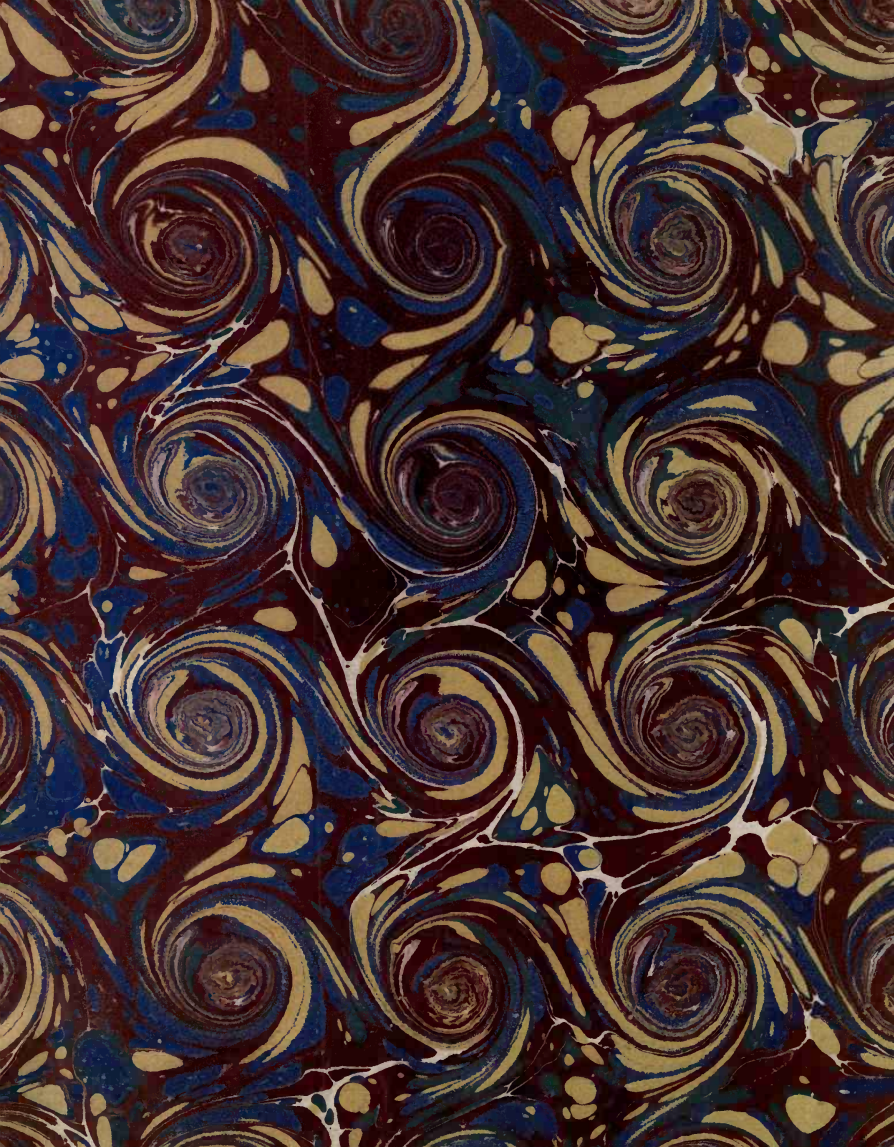


UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

FLOATING SPARS



THOMAS PLUMPTON TINDALE





12/6

Only 100 copies printed. for private circulation



“ Floating Spars ”



" The Door of Death is made of Gold,
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold ;
But, when the Mortal Eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the Limbs reposed,
The Soul awakes ; and, wondering, sees
In her mild Hand the Golden Keys :
The Grave is Heaven's Golden Gate,
And rich and poor around it wait."

WILLIAM BLAKE.





"FLOATING SPARS"

By the Late

THOMAS PLUMPTON TINDALE

F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., F.R.Z.S., ETC., ETC.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well"

SHAKESPEARE

*"Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!"*

W. G. CLARK

The Frontispiece has been a labour of love by
William Blake Richmond

Privately Printed

1876

[*Only one hundred copies printed.*]



Contents.

	PAGE
MEMOIR	7
A PRAYER	19
THE STREAM	21
SAFE	23
ON LEAVING WOLDRINGFOLD	25
NANCY	26
NAPOLEON III.	28
THE LOST ONE	30
SONG	41
FRAGMENT	42
ON A SKULL	43
"AGREED TO DIFFER"	45

	PAGE
THE MILLER'S TOMB	47
SONG	50
LOVE	52
FRANCES	53
THOMAS TIDDLE, ESQUIRE	55
CHARMIONE	56
"WHAT DO THE FISHES SAY?"	58
LIFE	61
1875	62







Memoir.

ON the 8th of February 1849, at Ewerby, in Lincolnshire, was born Thomas Plumpton Tindale, the subject of these few lines, and the author of the accompanying pages.

An only child, he was naturally subjected to all that careful training and early guidance that judicious parents strive to give their little ones. Early in boyhood, however, he lost his father,

and but a few years after, the mother he loved so fondly also passed away.

A deep reverence and affection for her memory for ever marked each action of his life, and in a great measure caused the premature gravity that settled upon him.

By his father's death he became possessed of considerable landed estate at Ewerby, in the management of which he always took the deepest interest.

He was educated at Rugby, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, drawing around him, at the latter place more particularly, a small circle of firm friends, to whom he strongly endeared him-

self by his loving heart, his broad mind, his odd studies, and his forcible and quaint powers of conversation.

On leaving Cambridge he resided in London for some two years, where he continued assiduously studying those various branches of knowledge that more particularly interested him, the over-application to which, there is now but little doubt, had the effect of partly bringing about his premature death.

In Natural History (perhaps of all pursuits his favourite study) he became no mean proficient, and a quiet morning spent with him at the Zoological Gardens was one to be remem-

bered, and, when possible, repeated. In a semi-humorous and perfectly unassuming manner he would pour out, from the rich resources of his mind, odd stories of the habits and economy of the occupants of whatever cage he happened to be near; and upon all branches of the subject he was not only an extremely interesting expositor, but what is still more important, a perfectly reliable one.

In 1871-72 he was travelling in Egypt, having before starting rendered himself able to read with ease the inscriptions that cover the interesting monuments of the past in that strange country. By this visit he also added much to what was

already a most interesting collection of curiosities and antiquities, by many odds and ends picked up during his wanderings.

Upon his return to England in 1872, he took up his quarters at Brighton, eventually settling down in a house in Sussex Square, which he occupied until his death. This he fitted up in the quaint manner that so forcibly reflected the many-sided mind of its master:—old pictures, Anglo-Saxon skulls and stone implements, contending for space with ponderous folios, cabinets of china, coins, Egyptian relics, and Arctic trophies; whilst scientific instruments, lying in most admired disorder in all directions, made it

at times almost perilous for the unwary visitor to move in haste.

In these rooms he would shut himself up for many hours, hardly touching food, and reading and writing for ten and twelve hours at a stretch.

There is no doubt that what he wrote (and he wrote much) he considered as merely practice for his mental powers, and as exercises calculated to strengthen what was already a remarkably tenacious memory, and to improve a style naturally forcible and expressive,—because so soon as manuscript accumulated, it was promptly and religiously destroyed.

Although at times suffering from painful symptoms of the disease that afterwards proved fatal, still his health, taken as a whole, was good ; and to look at his tall, strong form, and the finely-shaped head, lit up by a pair of burning, dark eyes, it would indeed have been a prophet of evil who would have presaged an early grave for one who promised so well, and to whom life seemed such a bright reality !

The writer of these few lines passed the last Christmas Mr Tindale was to see on earth with him at Brighton, when he was deeply affected and shocked by reading on two following mornings, in the obituary of the "Times," the sudden

death of two dear friends. "My turn next," he prophetically remarked to one who was also with him.

On the 9th of January 1875, after being in London for a few days, he returned to Brighton complaining of illness, when, after resuming for a little his excessive and intense study, he told those about him "that something had given way in his head." He went to his bed, to awake the next morning and find that he could no longer read (a bitter privation this), the words forming indistinct pictures to the eyes.

Ten days of deep and painful anxiety to those who loved and watched him succeeded; ceaseless

and loving attention from all, found him alone calm and cheerful; and in the cold grey of the morning of Saturday, the 30th of January, he fell into a gentle sleep from which he never awoke. A life so full of promise ended before the twenty-sixth milestone reached! "And so he passed into that still country where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." *

For the reason before stated, very little manuscript has been found; but from that little the

* Carlyle.

following "Floating Spars" have been selected; not on account of any literary merit they may or may not possess (and as to which no opinion is here offered), but merely as a tender, loving memorial of a dear lost friend to those who live to mourn his taking hence, and yearn to keep his memory green.

Upon his many other and varied pursuits, or upon the deep and generous qualities of his nature, his strict regard for truth, his hatred of all shams, his generosity, his power of argument, his feats of strength, it has not been thought necessary to enlarge, as in this little volume, only intended to fall into the hands of those

who knew him well, such recapitulation would be unnecessary.

He sleeps by his mother's side in the quiet churchyard at Ewerby, lowered to his rest by those faithful village friends he cared for so well; whilst other friends—whose hearts still yearn the gap his loss has made, and who, be life to them ever so weary or long, will never forget him—scattered flowers upon that young form, for whom too soon the final summons came.

“ I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest :

Then why should my soul be so sad ?

I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,

And the mourner looks up, and is glad !

C

Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss." *

H. N. P.

* T. K. Hervey.





A Prayer.



REAT GOD ;—unseen, yet seen by all,

In dainty moss, in pine-tree tall,

Where is Thy Home ?

Do granite rocks, does heather-bell,

Do burning stars, or fireflies tell,

Thy mystery ?

Is it in war, with bloody sword,

Is it in lying, cheating word,

Thou revellest ?

Hell-born as bigots make Thee rise,
Damning Thy creatures, does surmise
Thus slander Thee?

Or One who loves that every care
His children have, and with Him share
For common weal?

Thus let me hope, if needs—alone,
That ne'er for bread Thou gav'st a stone,
O Mystery!





The Stream.*

THE wind was lulled as it swept along,
Not a leaf fluttered by in the air;
Not a spray was stirred in the old tree-
top,
Nor waved the bright blade of the opening crop,
As it waited the reaper's care.

* This has been set to music by the Rev. A. J. N. Macdonald,
and is published by Weeks & Co., 16 Hanover Street, Regent
Street.

The rippling brook no contest fought,
As it glided o'er pebble and stone ;
Not a breath of wind caught the streamlet fair,
To dash the bright spray of the eddies rare,
Or whirl it and twirl it to foam.

It glided o'er moss-grown stones away—
Far away—to the glistening blue,
And it rippled through woods and ferny dells,
Past shady banks, where the violet dwells
And the turtle-dove loves to coo.

And deeper and wider, still it spread,
As it swept in its course along,
Past mountain and valley, and glen and cave,
Till, mingled at last with the ocean wave,
It danced to the sea-birds' song !



Safe !



LOVE well loved, well known,
And angels bore it there,
A tender heart not won,
A gasping, empty prayer.

A present, not of hope,
A future unexplained ;
A glimmer in the distance far,
With which no power can cope.

One spark of heaven to please,
One glimpse of hell to shun,
Life's journey ended well,
And heaven's bright joys begun.

For the last bright star is setting,
And the moon is silver clear,
And the Home of the wandering Spirit
Is borne by the angels near.

Like a sea-wave shoreward drifting,
Like the spindrift landward blown,
Like the last of the parting swallows,
When her sisters have homeward flown.





On Leaving Woldringfold.



NOT a spark of regret for the home left
behind?

Not a tinge of sweet sorrow to shadow
the mind?

Do the woods and the waters no memories give?
Shall no nooks and no corners in Shadowland live?
Or fades it away, like a dream that is past
Of a beauty too fair and too fragile to last,
As you thrust through its lethargy into fierce strife,
To work out an end in the Battle of Life?



Nancy.

ONWARD through a world of motion,
Where life's love, love's life-devotion,
Takes its stand.

Thee I picture in my fancy,
A bright lassie callèd Nancy,
Hand in hand.

Tripping where the fairy roses
Wanton grow in fairy posies,
Woodbine twined;

Tripping where the coral clover
Spreads with gems the green grass over,
Emerald lined.

Yet the vision dwells not ever,
Death's scythe shall the woodbine sever,
Time hath spoken.
Little feet no more go lightly,
Little heart no more beats sprightly,
Vision broken!





Napoleon III.

DID he trust him to men of might, or to
reason ?

Did he bow to the Devil, by tempting
God for a season ?

Or was it his end ?

Did he lie to himself, or did liars accuse him ?

Did he doubt all himself, and let traitors abuse him ?

Or did the gods send

Bitter revulsion of feeling and cursing,
Instead of pandering puppet-show nursing,

Hand over hand?

Till it hurled him down, biting the grating gravel,
Till time and remorse thrust him ever to travel

In the lone land!





The Lost One.

UP in the northern half of this our world,
Where cold indifference freezes up the
blood,
And the high hopes of faith turn icicle,
A woman dwelt, and knelt and prayed, and loved.
Not by the side of some imperious lord,
Who breathed his love and looked a calm content;
Not by the panting lover of her youth,
Heedless of time, of chance, and destiny ;

But by the cradle of her flaxen boy,
Brother and lover, home and husband all.

Patient in sickness wondering he lay.
For him the day lost sweetness, when the time
Of parting from his sweet nurse-mother came ;
Her hand was hope, her presence rest, and he
Recked not the hours, that gentle presence near.

But God, inscrutably is His dark clouds
Of Mystery, had elsewhere seen it,
And in His Book of Fate had drawn the line
Full surely through the opening name, and then
Up to His Halo-Throne a messenger he called—
“Azrael, my messenger of life and death !
Go swiftly, yet with muffled steps, and breathe
My Gods-will in the infant's ear. Tell him

That though he love a tender mother now,
Yet for Eternity he gains a life
Imperishable ; and his mother loves
That he thus rocked shall smile in heavenly rest."

Swift as the lightning, owl-like on his wings,
Hard by the snow-white cradle lighted he,
Nor child nor mother felt his sudden swoop ;
She from a weary doze once gazed upon her babe,
Then left him to the angels, and to God.
Returning soon, she thought she saw a smile
Of happiness upon her child, such as
Full oft had she with tears implored.
"Sweetest, I pray thee, tell me does the pain
Lessen a something in its violence?"
Nought but the smile ! The little lad had fled
To laugh and crow himself to sleep in heaven.

Dumb—stupefied the maddened mother stood,
And staring wildly, scarce believed her eyes.
Her boy! her blest one! her soul's hope! not
there?

The dainty-moulded, sweetly-dimpled clay
Heard not, and heeded not, nor spake a word,
Nor sigh nor laughter broke upon the scene,
And the Soul's Dwelling-place lay all alone.
Calm was the face, the flush of fever still
Tinted slight rose upon the whitening mask,
But there the spirit held no longer court.
She raised to her the little, still warm hand,
And fondly kissed in love the deadening brow,
Then heart-struck went she to her room, and dared
To curse the mighty God who robbed her thus,
Blighted her hopes, her feeling, and her soul;

She spurned to think Him loving who thus
moved.

“Can He be just, my soul,” cried she, “who
now

Has ta'en by stealth from me His own good gift?
Did He thus bind me to my home and friends,
That like a boat moored in the tide's swift ebb
He might divide the warp, and loose me on the
flood?

Is this His justice to His suffering poor?
Is He the same that bid the weary come,
And from the laden eased their heavy load?
Does He thus childless send me forth to mourn,
That to the childless He a stay may be?
Cast thought behind, I will myself away
To find alone a wretcheder than I.”

“Star of beauty, from thy dwelling,
Shine on me a pensive care,
Till the madness of my mourning
Down to cursing shall not dare ;
Lead me through the lands I wander,
By thy gently smiling ray,
To the portals where my lost love
Waits to meet me, and to say—
‘Mother, darling, darling mother,
Soon, you see, we meet anew,
Parting sorrows, joys of meeting,
Show those sorrows to be few ;
I shall guide thee in thy wanderings,
O’er thy bed shall watch and pray,
And at last, thy toil being ended,
Welcome thee to flower-strawn Day.’ ”

Thus did she fancy as she left her home,
And thinking, praying, wandered on o'er plains
Where nought but rugged barrenness displayed
Its poverty, where the poor grasshopper could
scarce

Procure himself a frugal meal. Thus wandering,
Did she greet the roaming waves in friendship ;
And as they tossed their vaunted heads on high
She laughed a maddened laugh, to see them fling
Defiance at great heaven's Deity !
The rolling ramparts of the sea to her
Were restless mountains rising in her way ;
The sea-bird's piercing scream was curdling music ;
And when the storm had died away, the calm
Bespoke her lost child's parting moments.
Then when the tortured sea had sunk to rest,

And the hushed waves breathed in her ear sweet
sleep,

Upward to where she thought her love had gone
She turned her eye, and sure enough, a Star,
Bright as a blazing gem, and pure as snow,
Smiled on that wandering soul: she felt its
power,

Bidding the day good-bye, with all its cares,
She slept beneath her lost love's watchfulness.
All through the night the loving Star uprose,
And thus, as darkness grew more dark and dark,
So higher in the cloudless sky it ran
To watch more closely o'er its sleeping care.

Now and again some night-bird's call would ring,
Or some late insect, searching for the day,

Would, with unwilling hum, destroy the peace
Of Silence's perfected midnight reign.

Quick speed the hours in sleep, though in their
course

We oftentimes live long lives of misery ;
And in our dreams we conquer, vanquish, love,
Waking to find them dreams.—Strange mystery !—
Hard fate and biting care our destiny,
And the brain-pictures but a mocking void.

Not so with our poor wanderer, for she,
Filled with sweet love, felt her love grow more
strong ;
And though the day brought back its gaping blank,
She had assurance that her dreams each night

Would tell of holy love and holy home ;
Darker the night, more clear her Star would shine,
And in her arms her baby-love would twine.

Thus days and nights passed hurrying on their way,
And as to heaven she glanced, alas ! for her
In Northern skies no more appeared her Star.
Down 'neath the blank horizon of despair,
Her life was rent, her bitterness complete,
Her loving hopes all circled by a blank.
Then, in the madness of her grief, she cried—
“ Farewell, ye wingèd hours ! pray God that He
Has noted not my great forgetfulness :
He to His promise let Him truly keep,
I, in all readiness to meet Him, fly.
Farewell to earth ! its flowers have tainted been,

Sweet forms of beauty through mist darkly seen.
Farewell to all below! my boy, to thee
I fly for comfort, hope, and sympathy."

Through the bleak night she heedless took her way
On to the towering cliffs which seaward lay,
With a wild shriek she dashed upon the wave,
Sank to the lowest depths beyond the grave,
Woke in the Land of Paradise afar,
And o'er her floating beamed—her Guardian Star!





A Song.

LIGHT fairies fluttering breathe on the
air,

Poising so gently, so softly, so fair!

Watching o'er kindly the souls that they love,

Waiting to bear them on wings far above.

Far from the bustle and clatter of life,

Far from the rattle and clangour of strife,

Where soft silver sweetness of rest shall be found,

Where Hope is the heaven, where Love is the
ground.



Fragment.



WAS a beautiful face, a baby face,
And God marked it for His own :
Too much of the angel was in that face
To be left in this world alone.





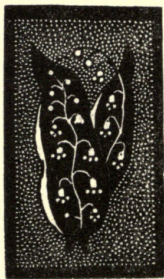
On a Skull.



S from its resting-place I drew
This cabinet of reason,
My present thoughts back ages flew
And pondered there a season.

Did these crude walls and flakes of bone
Encircle will and pleasure?
And did they chip the flinty stone,
And toil and delve in measure?

Yes! and their works are living still,
Stone volumes read by sages;
Think, little Mind, and train thy will,
A Monument for ages!





“Agreed to Differ.”

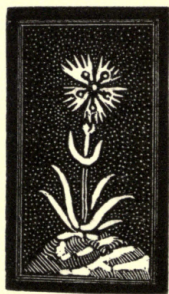


TWO little men of great renown
Were acting 'neath the self-same Crown,
And each the other could not stand,
'Twas little peace in that odd land.

One said, “That pigeon-pie was made ;”
The other rose, and straight forbade
All mention of a pigeon !

The other hated every duck,
He swore “that duck ne'er brought good luck,
No more did widgeon.”

"Widgeons *are* duck," the other cried,
"By duck and widgeon we'll abide,
We little men of great renown,
Acting beneath the self-same Crown."





The Miller's Tomb.



ON turfy downs, where shadows fly,
Pictures of angels in the sky,
And rolling waves of mountain-span,
Limit the puny works of man.
The facile pen of Nature swept
The outline each and all have kept ;
Untrammelled may the fancy play,
And scan past ages in to-day.
There roamed the stag with frontled brow,
Where only sports the lambkin now ;

There soared the eagle in his pride,
Where swallows skim in summertide.

There, on a gently-swelling coomb,
Earth's shadows mark the Miller's Tomb ;
Miller or no, they say his head
Lies softly there, so gently tread.
Maybe his spirit noiseless sweeps
Across the hill whereon he sleeps ;
Soon to each one must come the day
When every soul must glide away,
True call—away—but whither, tell ?
To dreamland, cloudland, heaven, or hell ?
Shall a man's shadow ever throw
Its semblance on the world below ?
Let him but live, if so he will,
That dead, he lives more surely still.

The sun is setting, and a star
Points to a dreamland upward far ;
Bright lantern in the growing gloom,
Smile softly on the Miller's Tomb !
Slowly we wend our thoughtful way,
Sad we return, whence came we gay :
See a fair gleam, like silver snow,
Peace, sad one ! 'tis the Afterglow.





Song.

PHYLLIS PHILOMELA mine,
Love and songstress most divine,
Let us linger in our play,
Buds of roses deck the way.

Lead the light dance by the rill,
Where the water echoes fill ;
Trip it by the silver lake,
Stone it with a lily flake.

Rest thee now beneath the shade,
Wear this crown that love hath made ;
Nature's chorus warbles nigh,
Trills a lay, and breathes a sigh.

Phyllis Philomela mine,
Swear by every echoing line,
Swear by love, by hope, by life,
Thou art ever truest wife ?





Love.



LONGING, crazy, chilled desire,
Bounded by hope, and charred by fire,
Grasping a shadow, plunging for naught,
Toying with danger, hellward fraught!





Frances.



COULD I see thee but a moment,
Ere to-day is quickly sped :
Could I see thee but a moment,
Ere the hour its march has led—

Then I'd dream that thou still lov'st me
And that time with measured wing
Ne'er can part our fancy's feelings,
Ne'er forgetfulness can bring.

Loved one! wretched now my life is ;
 Couldst thou read this heart of mine,
Couldst thou see the hopeless struggle
 Spinning on the fatal line,

Thou wouldst know then that the bitter,
 Ay, the doubly bitter, draught,
For thy good, my little Sunshine,
 Has for thee been deeply quaffed.

But a Haven is before us,
 Frances !—thou and I must steer
For that Haven, where the meeting
 Shall make parting doubly dear.



Thomas Tiddle, Esquire.



LITTLE Tom Tiddle,
Dropt up to his middle
Into a Christmas pie ;
Right through the crust
The pie was all “ bust,”
“ What a sad shame !” cried I.





Charmione.

IT faded!—What faded? did the day?
Or did it live in moonlight like a ray,
Not snatched from earth, but gently
dropt from heaven,
A love's last beam of silence, all forgiven?

And in the ray there seemed a life,
A spark of ether air to me;
Back in effulgence fell my darling love,
A parapet of sin 'gainst heaven above.

She looked, she wondered, and the vision grew
From nothing into something, and anew
Fresh beauties fell, that left the day
A shadow of God's beauty on its way.
But the little love Charmione,
Farewell to all but thee !
Floats in the air, God's finger-post,
A Mystery !





“What do the Fishes say?”



HAT do the fishes say under the sea,
When the high waves roll and tumble,
And dash their wet spray in the noon
of the day,
Then in night-wrapt caverns grumble?
Do they tell of the sunny south,
Where the coral-reefs dimpled lie,
Of that beacon of danger, the mermaid's mouth,
More subtle than storm and sky?

Or, with a shivering fin, shall they
Tell of the Polar Sea,
Where the ice-floes cannon, and grate, and jar,
And the bergs, detached from the glacier far,
Send waves with a mighty roll,
That shall rock the ship, as they sweep her
 side,
To teach her that though she thus proudly ride,
The billows will take their toll?

Or dreamily sigh they the songs of love,
'Neath the cypress feathers or orange grove,
Where the minaret points to the far-off sky,
And the silence scarce echoes the Moslem's cry?

Or swim they with deadening eye below,
Where the sinking ships mad plunging go,

Where the father, the husband, the boy are swirled,
By the surging eddies, and downward whirled,
Till they rest at last, with a glassy stare,
And the fishes retreating, do not dare
To gaze on those spectre-faces bare,
Or think of the empty home,
Where a woman all-trusting shall trust in vain
That He, whose great Spirit o'erspreads the main,
Will hold out a helping hand?
But no; she shall trust, and her prayer shall
rust,
And Heaven's high promise be broken;
No sign is nigh in the storm-rent sky,
No bow is seen there for a token.





Life.



LONG years had passed, but as a span

Man's lifetime ever is to man ;

But when the years are years of love,

God notes their lifetime up above.

Childlike we grew, but time would run,

All days are measured by the sun.

The childlike prattle passed away,

And Morning melted into Day.



1875.



H ! seventy-five, oh ! seventy-five,
What days of thine shall reckon ?
Some for good and some for bad
The finger-post shall beckon.

Some at the grinding-mill of toil,
Shall strive with stripes diurnal ;
Some to the grave shall point the way,
Some to a fame eternal.









FLOATING SPARS



THOMAS PLUMPTON TINDALE